

A DELL
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ANIMAL

comics





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Last Call For Lunch



Teddy Bruin was having a wonderful time being naughty. Two hours ago he had run away from his mother while she was taking her noonday nap. Now he could hear her calling for him, away off in the woods.

"She's coming closer," Teddy chuckled, "but I'll fool her again. I'll climb a tree and watch her go poking around in the bushes. Hee, hee!"

Like a toy bear on a stick he hitched himself half-way up a tall tree and sat there. Now and then he giggled as he caught glimpses of Mother Bruin hunting anxiously through the trees. At last she moved out of sight, still calling.

Teddy looked around and made a discovery. Just above his head was a large hole in the tree. At the bottom of the hole lay four pale-colored eggs. The bad little bear made a grab for them and broke two.

He was happily licking raw omelet off his claws when something, as sharp as a knife, struck him on the ear. Mrs. Woodpecker had come home to her nest. She was as big as a duck, with a bill like a dagger. And she was very, very angry.

Teddy let go all holds. He landed—KER-WHUMP!—at the foot of the tree, and bounced away like a four-legged football. "Mama-a-a!" he squalled, as Mrs. Woodpecker's bill pricked him hard behind.

(Continued on inside back cover)



I'M WORRIED ABOUT MY FORTUNE, NURSE JANE...
THAT BAD BURGLAR FOX STOLE IT ONCE. AND HE
MAY STEAL IT AGAIN.

UNCLE WIGGILY

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WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, WIGGILY?

I'M GOING TO TAKE IT OUT IN THE
WOODS AND BURY IT. PACK ME UP
SOME CHERRY PIE AND A BAG OF
CARAMELS FOR LUNCH.



NOBODY BUT I WILL
KNOW WHERE MY FORTUNE
IS BURIED.



AHA! THERE'S THE
PLACE!



I DON'T SEE ANY BURGLAR
FOX PEEKING AT ME... I
GUESS IT'S SAFE TO START
DIGGING.



I'LL MAKE A LITTLE ROOM
UNDER THESE ROOTS.



AND I'LL DIG A SMALL HOLE
FOR MY GOLD AND JEWELS
IN THE FLOOR.



NOBODY WILL EVER GUESS
WHERE MY FORTUNE IS,
NOW.



EXCEPT
ME!

WHO'S THAT?

MEOW!











WE HAVE! AND HERE IT IS!



A WINDING STAIRWAY...

ALL THE WAY TO THE TOP OF THE TREE.



THE BAD FOX WILL NEVER GET YOU UP HERE, UNCLE WIGGILY.

BUT HOW ABOUT US GETTING DOWN?



DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE, LOUIE?

THE FOX!



YES, SIR! I'LL SIT RIGHT HERE TILL THEY HAFTA COME OUT OR STARVE TO DEATH.



IT LOOKS AS IF HE HAS US ON THE SPOT!

DON'T WORRY! THERE'S ANOTHER WAY DOWN.



JUST TAKE A GOOD RUN ALONG THIS LIMB...



...AND THEN A LITTLE JUMP TO THE NEXT TREE!



I'M AFRAID THAT'S TOO ATHLETIC FOR AN OLD GENTLEMAN RABBIT WITH RHEUMATISM.

OH, IT'S EASY, UNCLE WIGGILY...



WATCH ME!







ALBERT AND Pogo



WE IS NEAR DE
PLACE, CHILLUNS..
HOLE YOU HOSSES—
POOTY SOON U'S
EATS AN' RESTS
OURSELVES FIT
TO KILL.



HOT DOG! HERE AH IS,
COMFY-TERRIBLE AN'
HAPPY, WIF HARDLY A
CARE IN DIS WHOLE
SWEET OL' WORL'.



**KNOCK
KNOCK**

COME AWWN IN!
AH SETTIN'—
AH CAIN'T
GIT UP TO
UNSHET
DE DO!



COUSIN POGO,
HERE IS AH—
YO' NATCH'L
BAWN SECOND
COUSIN!

COUSIN
MARSUPIAL!
YO' IS A SIGHT!
FO' SORE
EYES, AH
MEAN!



COUSIN POGO, AH ALLUS FIGGER
A FRIEN' OF YOURN IS A FRIEN'
OF MINE AND VICA VERSA.

ABSOLUTE
KEE-RECT!
US POSSUMS
GOTTA STICK
TOGETHER.



IN DAT CASE
AH INVITES IN
MAH FRIEN—
COME AWWN
IN, PERSPY!

PERSPY?



PERSPICACITY POSSUM,
DAT'S ME—A BEAUTIFUL
YOUNG WIDDER WOMAN.



IT SHD' IS NICE TO OFFA ME AN' MA
CHILLUN A HOME... AH IS PUSSONAL
VERY GRATEFUL!

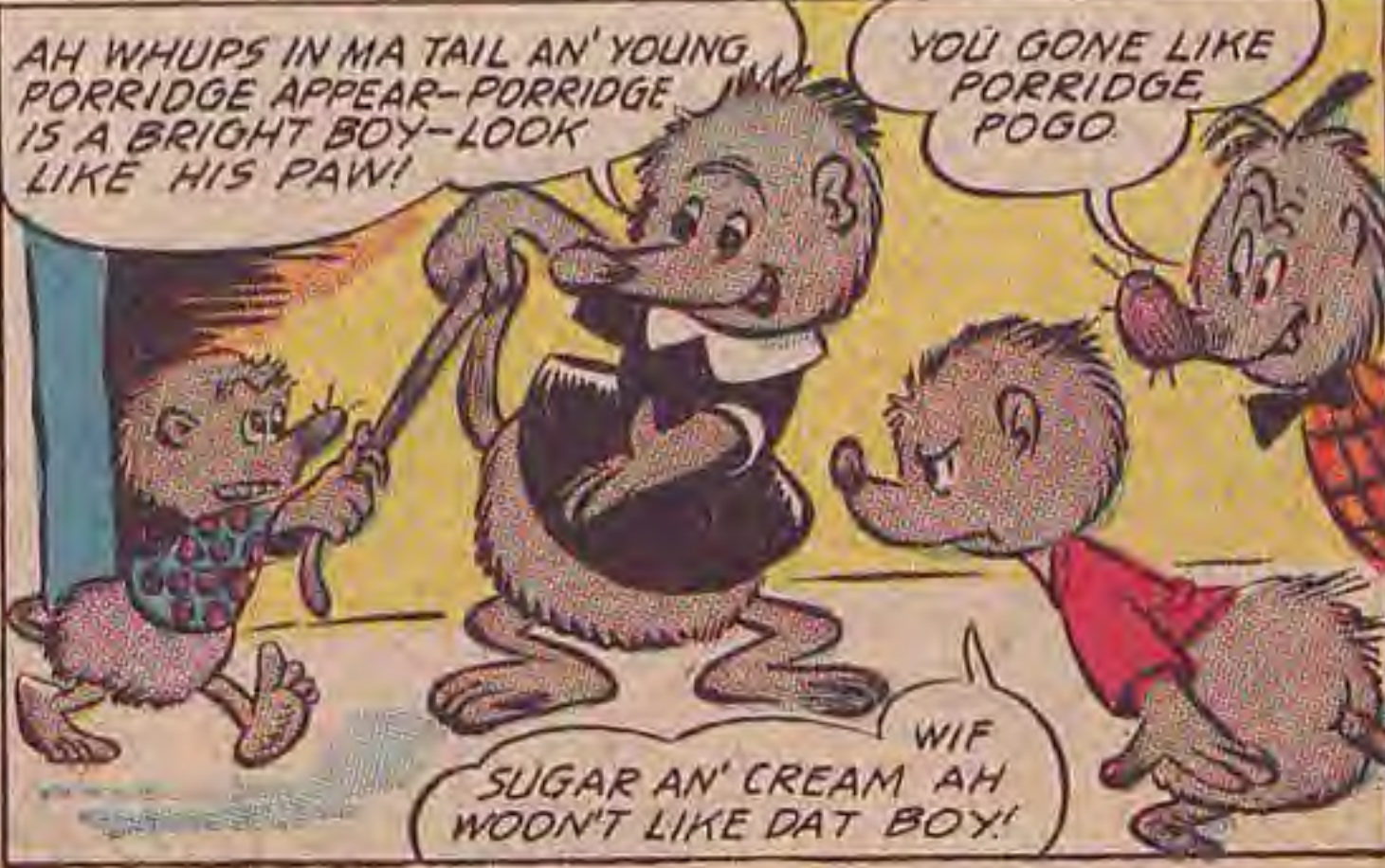
PODDEN ME,
MAM?



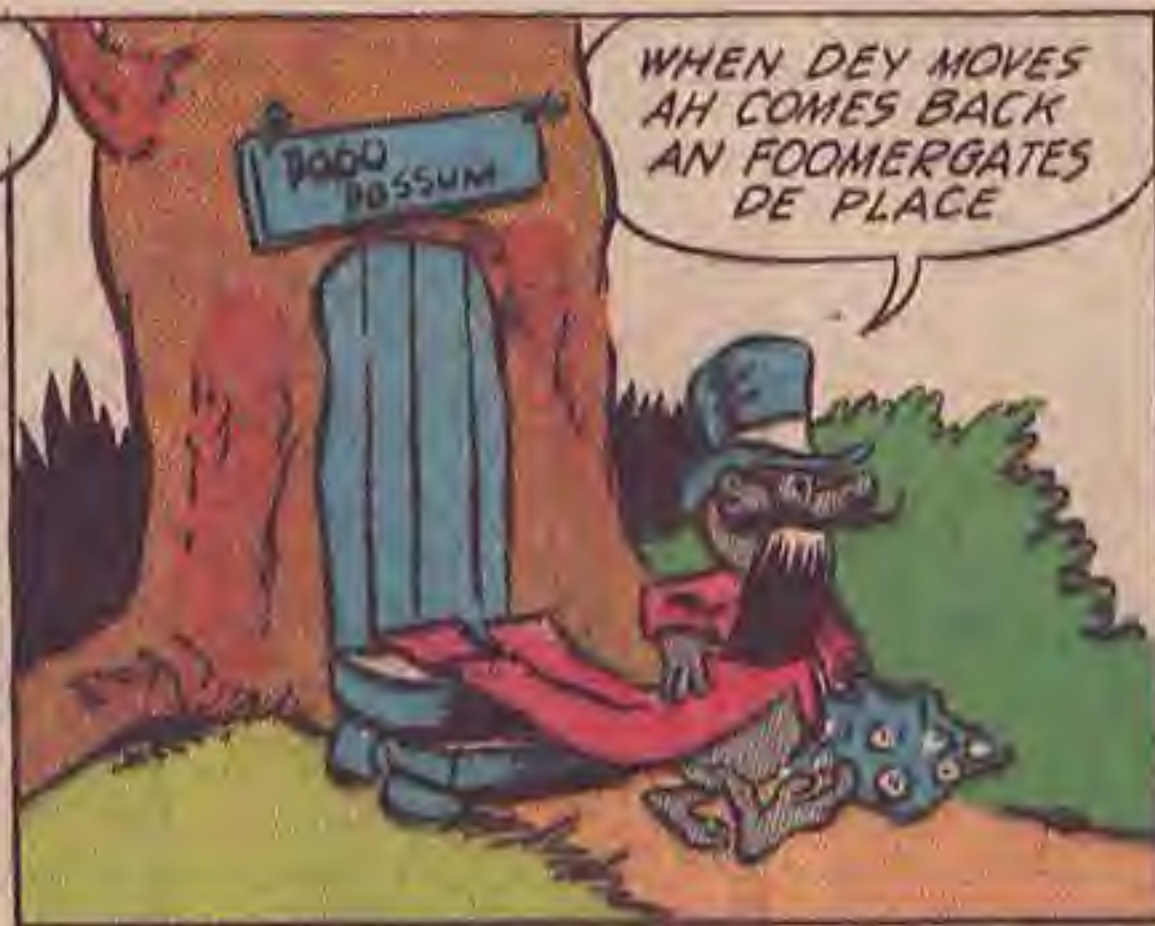
AH WHUPS IN MA TAIL AN' YOUNG
PORRIDGE APPEAR—PORRIDGE
IS A BRIGHT BOY—LOOK
LIKE HIS PAW!

YOU GONE LIKE
PORRIDGE,
POGO.

WIF
SUGAR AN' CREAM AH
WOON'T LIKE DAT BOY!











NOW DERE WAS A FISHIN' REEL,
A OL' ROWBOAT, TWO
JARS OF HARD
CANDY, A PICTURE
OF SAVANNAH
'FO' DE WAH,
AND FO'
HUNDRED
DRIED OFF
BUSTERFLY
WINGS.

MAN,
YOU IS
A MIND
READER!



ALSO, DEY WAS A
FOAMINGRAPH
WIF RECORDS
AN' A
LONG
MOWER!



BY JING, YOU IS A HOTHEAD FO'
DIGGIN' UP DE PAST... DE LONG
MOWER AH BORROW DURIN' DE
DEPRESSION AH 'MEMBER... AH WAS
GONE INVENT A COMBINATION SNOW
FLOW, COPPIT BEATER AN' LONG MOWER,
BUT DE BIG TRUSTS
DONE FROZE ME
OUT.



AN' AH 'MEMBERS WHUFFO' YOU
BORRY DE FOAMINGRAPH... IT
HAD A RECORD OF MISS LILY
LANGTRY, DE JERSEY LILY,
SINGIN' LIKE A ANGEL.

OH, YASSUH!
SHE MA
FIRS' LOVE!



'MEMBER DISH YERE? BILLY BONES USETA SING IT
ON DE REVERSE SIDE O' MISS LANGTRY... ♪
OH, MOTHER DEAR, I WILL BE TRUE, TRUE TO
THE PROMISE I MADE. ♪
I'LL NEVER LET YOU DOWN, MA,
FOR I WILL NEVER FAIL!

OH, GULP!
MAN, DAT
POGO'S
FAVRIT
SONG.



TONIGHT I'LL COME ♪
WHEN IT'S GROWN DARK!
TONIGHT I'LL NEVER
QUAIL... ♪



I'LL SAW THE BARS AND
HELP YOU OUT
OF THAT OLD GREY
STONE JAIL!



MAN! MAN! DAT WAS PERTY.
WE ALLUS COULD SING GOOD
BOFE AT DE SAME TIME
AN' TOGETHER, POGO!

US SHO'
COULD
AND DO!



BUST MA BUNIONS! YOU IS POGO,
YOU ISN'T NO VOODOO! WHAT
KIND OF FLIM FLAM IS YOU
FLIMMIN' POGO?

AW, SHECKS!
YOU COTCHED
ME!



AH WHISPER DE TROUBLES AH
IN... BUZZ-HUMF-BOOPS
WUZZUMMUFF ATOOF A-MPH
SCIBBER WIZ-SP-WIP!

NO
FOOLIN'?



WHY DON'T YOU TH'OW DE INVADERS
OUT? DEY IS ENROACHIN' ON YOU'
PRESERVES! BE A MAN, YOU L'IL
DOPE, LIKE A REG'LAR POSSUM!

BUT! YO'
FO'GITS DE
CODE OF
DE SOUTH.



REMEMBAH! NEVAH REFUSE
HOSSPITALERY TO NOBODY,
NOT EVEN IF DEY
IS RELATIVES

YOU IS RIGHT!
NOW LOOKY
YERE, MA
MAMMY DONE
TOLE ME
SUMPIN'



SHE SAY "ALBERT, A BOY GOTTA BE
HANDSOME OR REAL
SWEET TO
SUCCEED"
NATCHERAL
AH IS HAN'SOME
SO AH NEVAH HAD TO
BE VERY SWEET!

NATCHERAL



BUT YOU GOTTA BE
SWEET—SO IF YOU
TREATS DESE VIS-
ITORS VERY NICE,
DEY GON TAKE PITY
AN' MOVE OUT—
NATCHERAL!

MM...



LOOKY—DEM FOLKS IS IN DERE
GLOOMIN' DEY HEARTS OUT. DEY
FINK YOU DONE VANISH FUM A
BAD CASE OF DE DWINDLES.

AH
AIN'T GONE
CHEER 'EM
UP NONE.



BUT YOU SHOULD—YOU SHOULD
BUST DEY HEARTS WIF HOSPIT-
ALLERY... WHY NOT SING DEMA
COUPLE CHORUSES OF DE
POSSUM PAPA'S PRAYER?

AH WON'T DO IT



YOU IS LETTIN' DOWN
DE SWAMPLAND! AH
IS GREVIOUS HURTED!

VERY WELL, SINCE
YOU INSISTS, AH
WILL SING A L'L
BIT OF "DE
MELANCHOLY
MUSHRAT."



DERE WAS A MUSHRAT
NAME OF MOSE
STRUCK A FANCI-
FOOLISH POSE
HIT HIS HAID UPON
HIS TOES,
DISH MELANCHOLY
MUSHRAT!



ONE DAY HE CLUMB
INTO A TREE
WHERE WAS A BEE
HE DIDN'T SEE,
BUT HE FELT DAT
BUNGE BEE,
DISH...



WHUT ON EARTH IS DAT
GHASTLY AND WEIRDLY
HOWLIN'?

WHY,
IT'S
POGO!

POGO? AH DON'T SEE
HIM, NOR DO AH HEAR
NUFFIN'—YO'ALL KNOWS
POGO DAID OF DE
DWINDLES!

...DISH
MELANCHOLY
MUSHRAT!



DASH ENOUGH FO' US—SEEIN' GHOSTS
AN' LIVIN' IN A DWINDLE CONTAMINATED
HOUSE IS TOO MUCH—GOO' BYE!

OL' MUSHRAT MOSE, HE QUICKLY RENDAH
HIS UN-CORN-DISH-INAL SOO-RENDAH,
AND DAT, BOYS, IS DE TRULY END O'
DISH MELANCHOLY
MUSHRAT!

OH, MAN
ALIVE! US IS
STAMPEDE DE
AUDIENCE!

OH, WE IS
GOOD!
AIN'T NO
TWO WAYS
ABOUT IT!

BLACKIE

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NOW, LET'S SEE...IF I WAS TO
POP OUT OF THAT
PIANO WITH A FRYIN'
PAN...



NO, THAT WON'T DO—
TOO MUCH
MACHINERY
IN THERE.



I'LL FIX
THAT!



NOW WITH ALL THAT JUNK
OUT OF THERE I'LL CUT A HOLE
IN THE
ROOF...



AND INSTALL
THIS STOVE.



NOW TO POP A FEW
CULINARY ITEMS INSIDE.



NOW I'LL PUSH IT
OUTDOORS AND
DOWN TO BLACKIE'S
HOUSE.



I'LL JUST LEAVE
IT OUT HERE
WITH A CARD
ON IT.



GOLLY GOSH GEE WHIZ
HOLY SMOKES GEE
GOSH WOW OH BOY
MY GOODNESS—
LOOK!



IT'S A PIANO—SOMEBODY
LEFT IT IN FRONT OF
OUR HOUSE!



LOOK, IT'S A GIFT TO BLACKIE!
BUT WHY SHOULD THE PEOPLE
OF PATAGONIA BE GRATEFUL
TO BLACKIE?



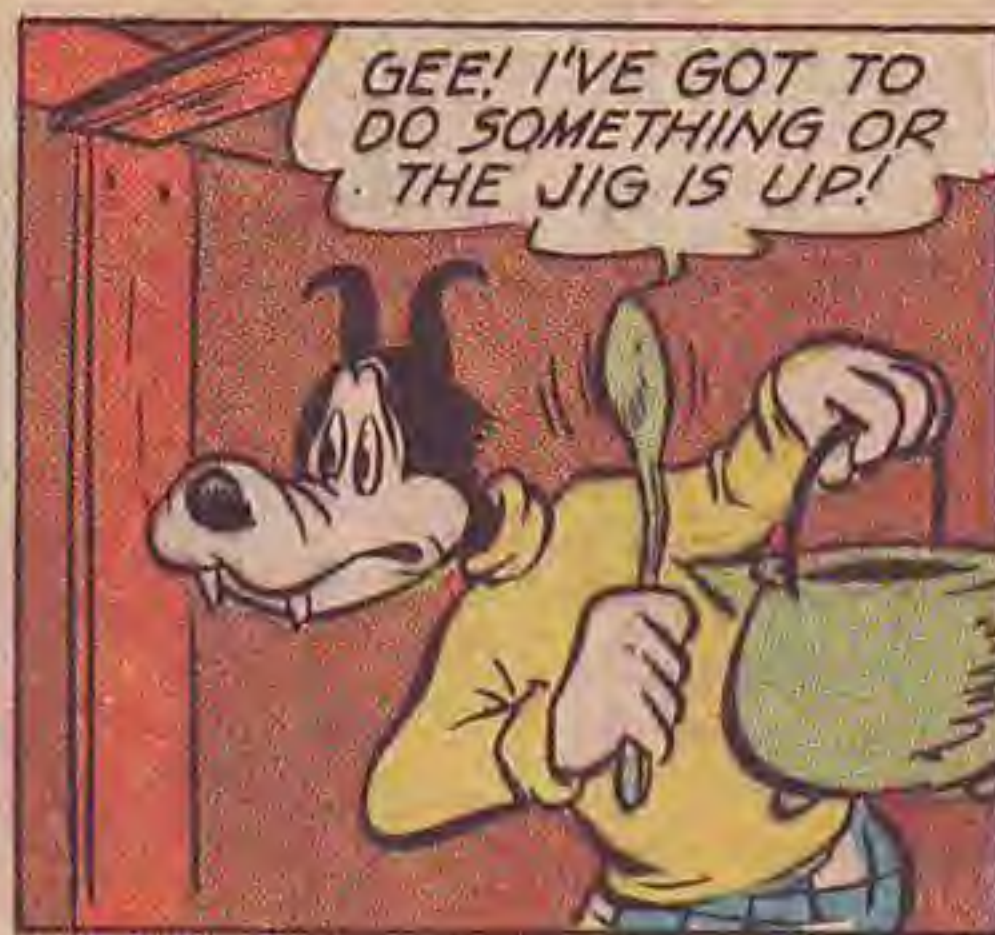
I DUNNO—
HE'S NEVER BEEN
THERE.



MAYBE THAT'S
WHY THEY'RE
GRATEFUL!











GEE, MR. GORMBOT,
HERE COMES MY
TWO BROTHERS
HURRYING TO
MEET US.



HEY, BLACKIE! HEY, HEY,
HEY, BLACKIE! HEY,
HEY, WOW GEE
WHIZ HEY, WOW
HEY, BLACKIE—
WOWIE!



BOYS, I'D LIKE
YOU TO MEET
MR. GORMBOT.
MR. GORMBOT,
MEET MY
BROTHERS.



GLAD TO MEET
YOU, BOYS.

HOWDY, MR.
GORMBOT!



AND NOW—**YEOW**

WOW! HEY, BLACKIE!
HURRY UP! WOW
WOW!



THE PIANO
IS TALKIN'
AND
MUMBLIN'
AND IT'S
SMOKIN',
TOO!



WHAT IS IT SMOKING?
NOT THAT BOX OF
CIGARS FOR UNCLE
OSKAR?

NO,
COME
ON...



IF IT'S SMOKING,
IT MUST BE A
HOT PIANO.

WHAT'S IT
TALKING
ABOUT?

IT KEEPS
SAYING
THAT LAMBS
ARE FULL
OF SAWDUST.



WAIT—IF IT'S TALKING
ABOUT LAMBS BEIN' FULL
OF SAWDUST, I'VE GOT A
HUNCH WHAT'S UP!



YESSIR! SEE, I HID
TWO LIFESIZE LAMB
DOLLS THERE AND
THEY'RE GONE!



WHAT OF IT? OR TO BE
PRECISE, TO WIT,
SO WHAT?

GIVE ME A HAND
AND I'LL EXPLAIN.



YOU MEAN TO PUSH
IT OUT THE DOOR?

SURE! DO
YOU HAVE
ANY FIRE-
CRACKERS
WITH YOU?



SURE; AS A PIANO TUNER I
ALWAYS CARRY FIRE CRACKERS.
WHAT DO YOU WANT, A FEW
TEN-INCH SALUTES?

YEAH-
LIGHT
'EM.

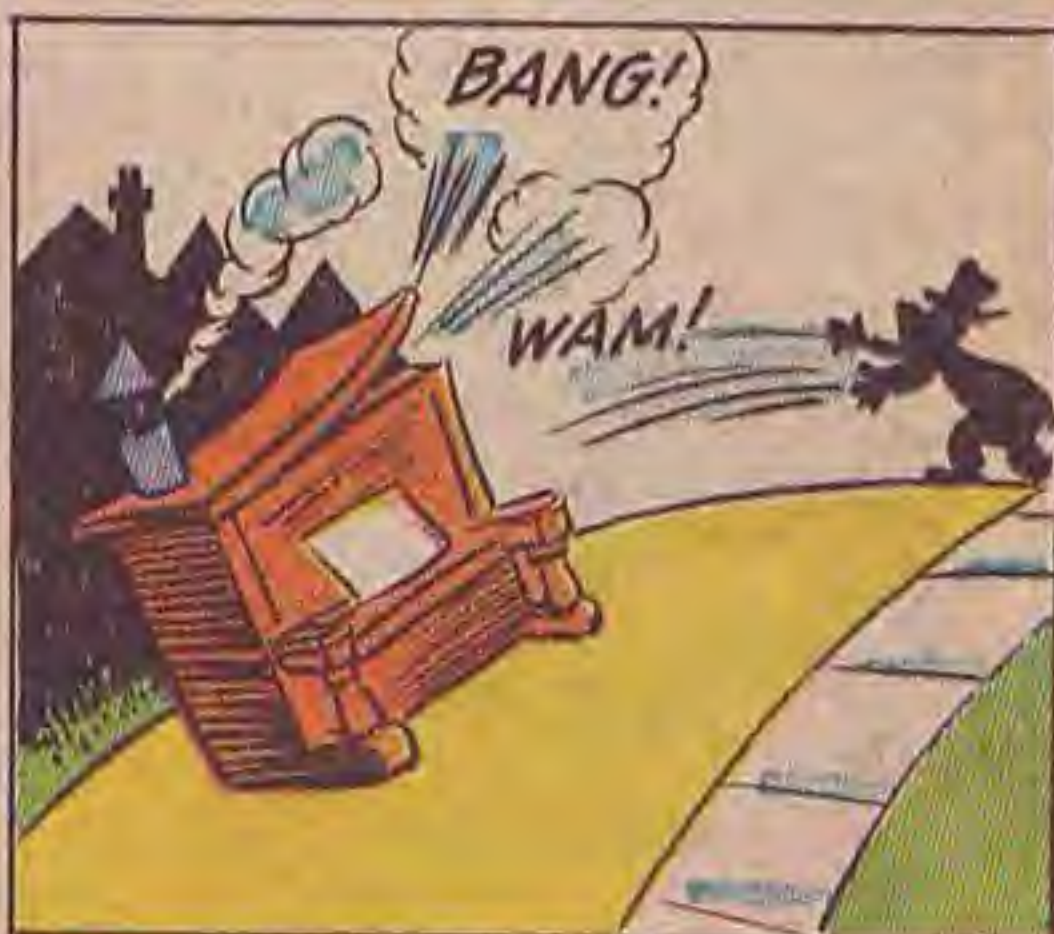


NOW TOSS 'EM
IN HERE!

FUNNY WAY
TO TUNE
A PIANO!



NOW PUSH IT
DOWN THE HILL.
Y'SEE, THE
WOLF IS INSIDE!
HE ATE THOSE
TWO DOLLS
THINKIN' THEY
WERE MY
BROTHERS.



BANG!

WAM!



THE STREET CAR COMPANY
HAS A SNAPPY NEW
MODEL OUT, I SEE.

BANG!



CONGRATULATIONS,
BLACKIE!

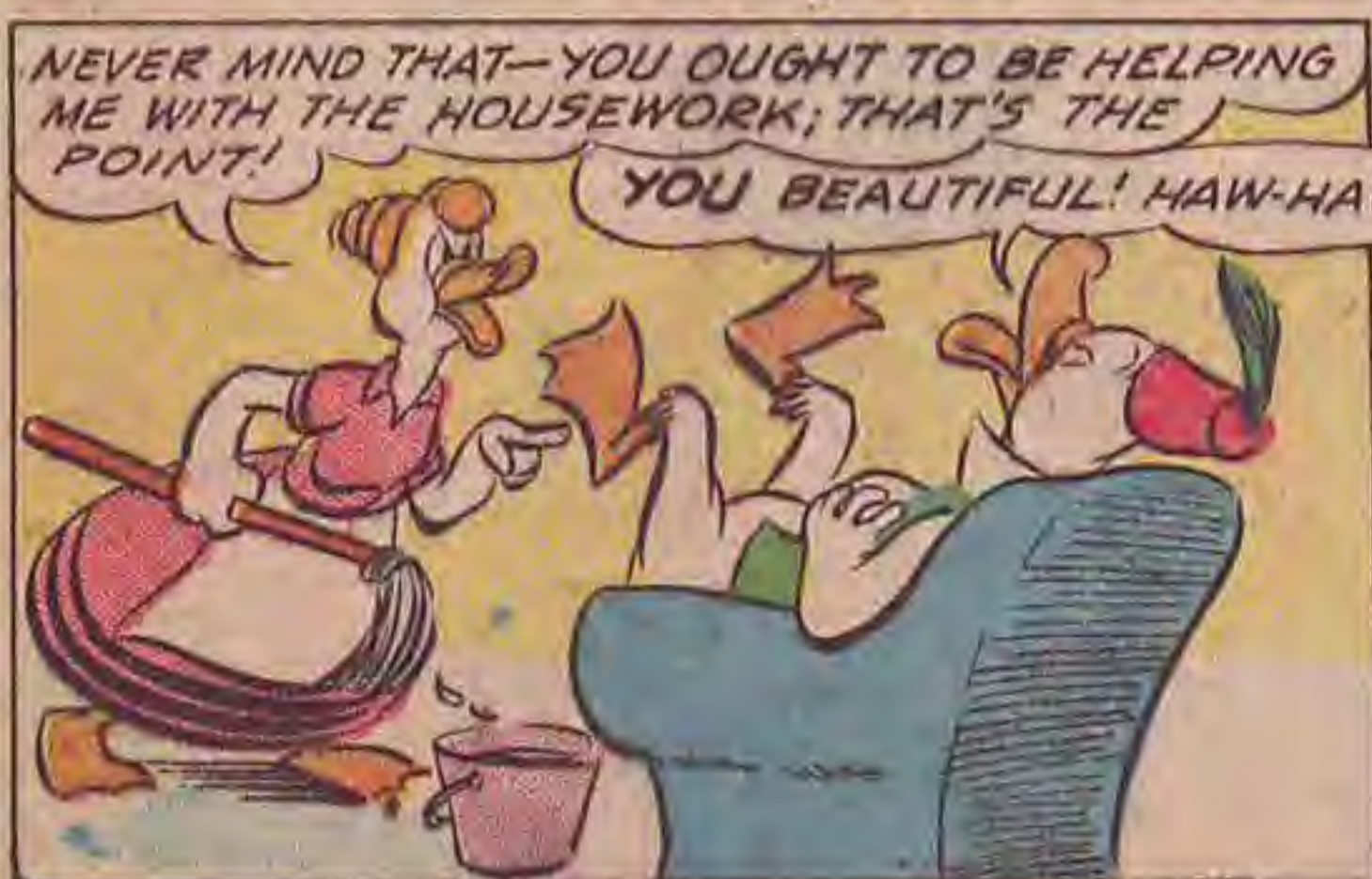
THAT'S
THE END
OF THE
WOLF!

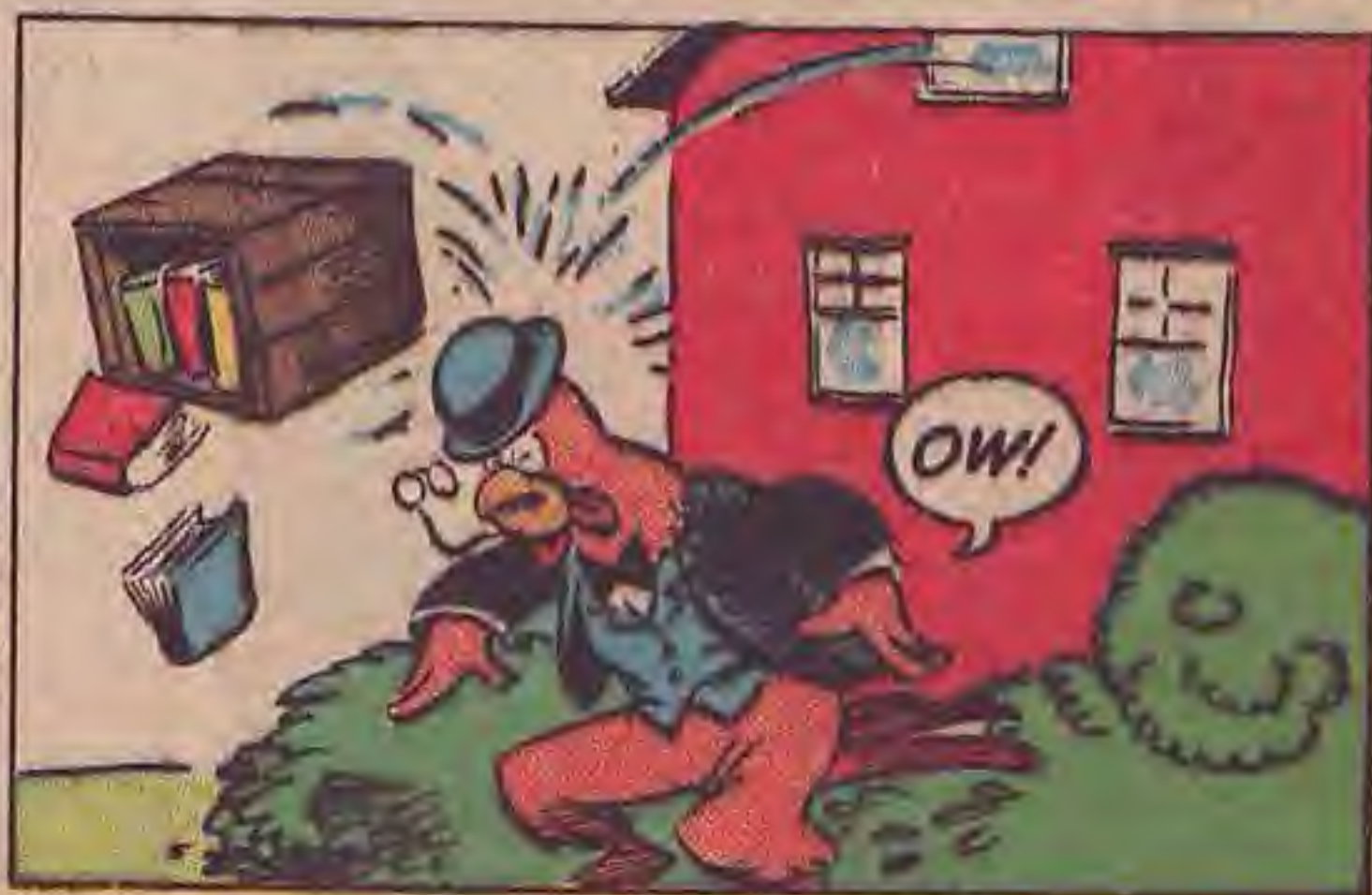


THAT'S WHAT HE
THINKS—I HAD
SENSE ENOUGH TO
CRAWL OUT WHILE
EVERYBODY WAS
GONE—AND THOSE
TOY LAMBS
WEREN'T BAD,
EITHER!

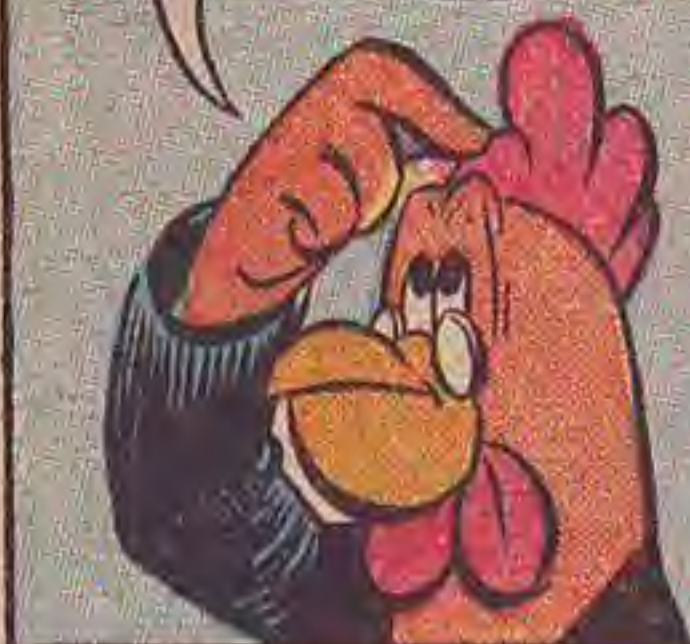
Cilly Goose

COPR. 1945, BY FAMOUS STUDIOS.





MY, MY! I SEEM TO HAVE BEEN STRUCK SEVERELY ON THE CRANIUM.



HMMP! A BOX OF BOOKS—THAT'S WHAT GAVE ME THAT CRUEL BLOW.



I'LL JUST CARRY IT BACK TO THIS HOUSE. EVIDENTLY IT FELL FROM A WINDOW.



GOOD MORNING, MADAM. I HAVE SOMETHING HERE THAT BELONGS IN YOUR HOME.



OH, A BOOK SALESMAN!

WELL, NOT EXACTLY... I WAS PASSING AND SOMETHING STRUCK ME—



NEVER MIND THE SALES TALK—IF IT'S SOMETHING I WANT, I'LL BUY IT.



MY SAKES! A HISTORY OF OUR COUNTY—SOMETHING I'VE ALWAYS WANTED... I SEE THE PRICE IS PENCILED IN THE COVER—\$200 PER VOLUME.



AND THAT'S \$2000 FOR THE SET OF TEN—HERE'S YOUR MONEY—GOOD DAY!

BUT—BUT—BUT—



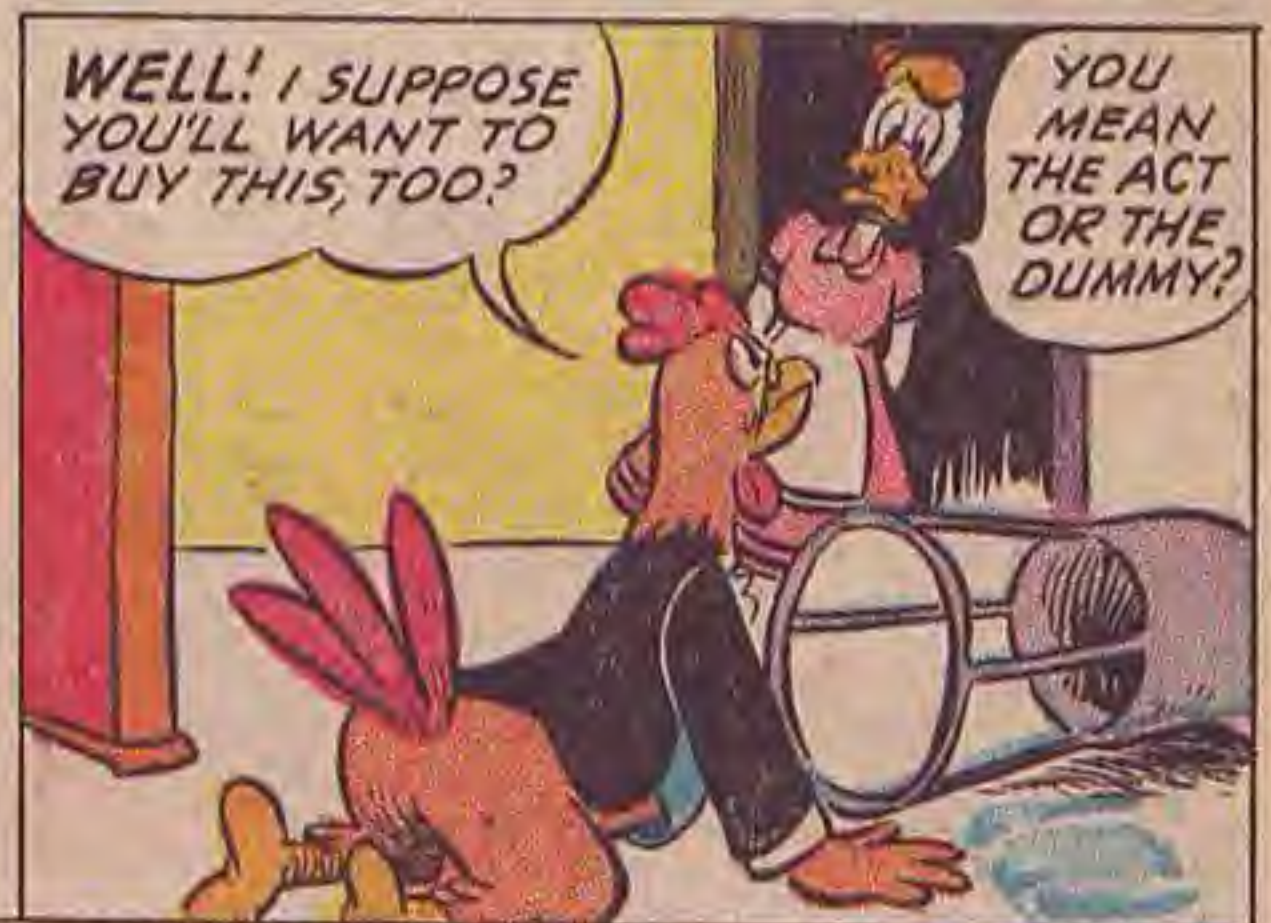
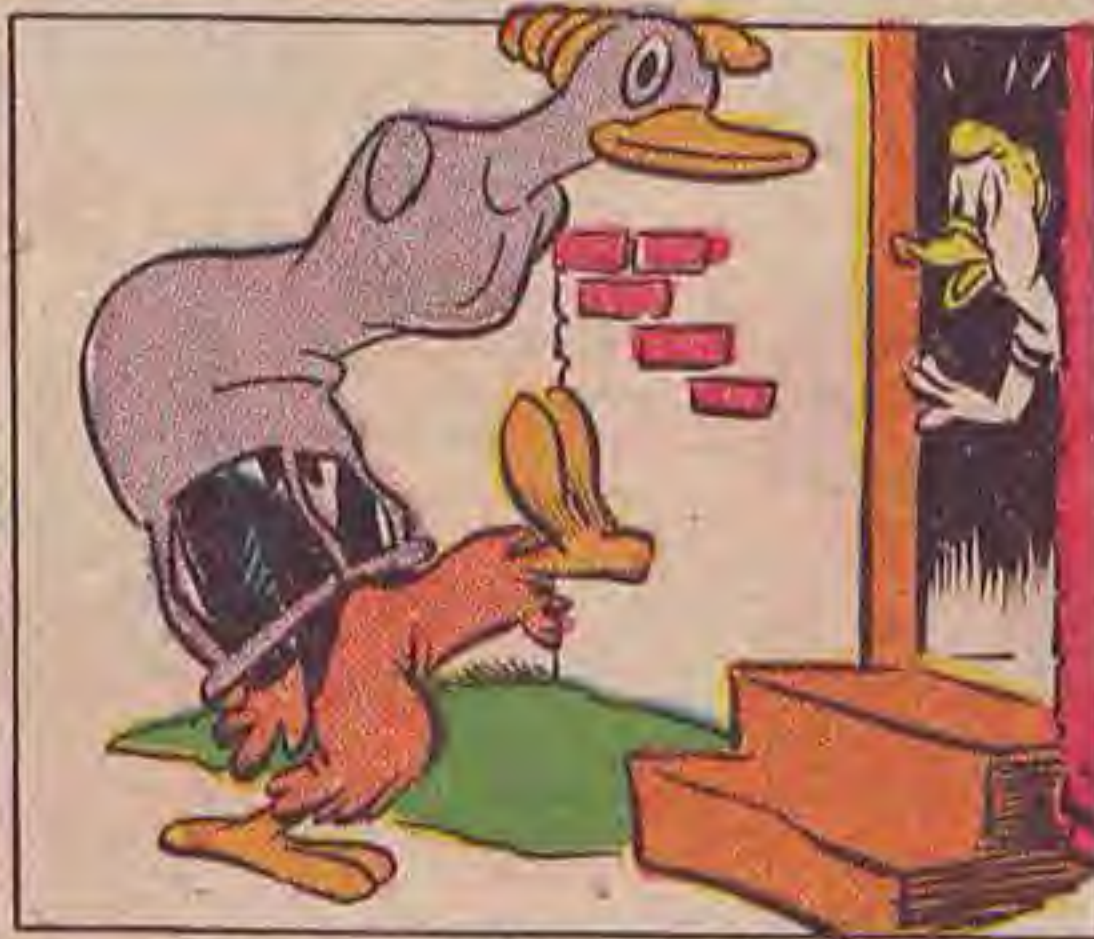
MIGHT AS WELL THROW OUT THIS OLD DRESS DUMMY OF CILLY'S.

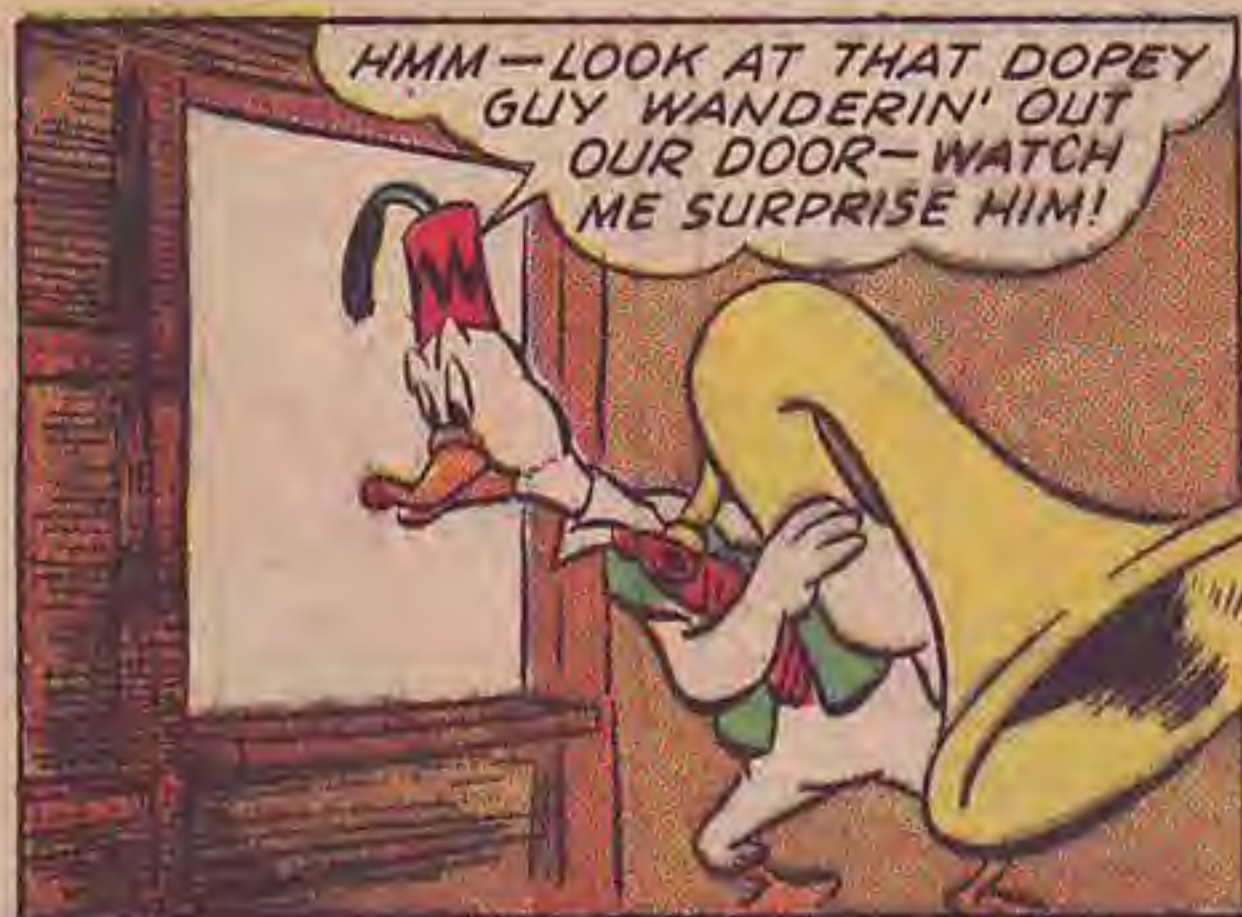


WHY, MADAM! DON'T LEAP AT ME! I'LL GIVE YOU BACK YOUR MONEY!



SPONG!







HECTOR the HENPECKED ROOSTER

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HEY, HECTOR!
WHERE YOU GOING
WITH THE NOOSE?

MY WIFE, BERTHA, TIED IT ON ME!
SHE TOLD ME WHAT TO GET
FROM THE STORE.

OH! AN' SHE
TIED THE
NOOSE TO
REMIC YOU
WHAT TO GET.

NOT EXACTLY...SHE TIED IT
TO REMIND ME OF WHAT
I'D GET IF I FORGOT
WHAT TO GET.

IT'S A GOOD SYSTEM...
I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN
ONCE SINCE SHE
STARTED.



OH, BOY! THAT GIVES
ME A SUSPICION—
WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO GET AT
THE STORE, HECTOR?

HA! THAT'S EASY... A DOZEN
BUTTER, A BOTTLE OF BANANAS,
A POUND OF MILK, FOUR BAGS
OF VINEGAR AND A JAR
OF BREAD.

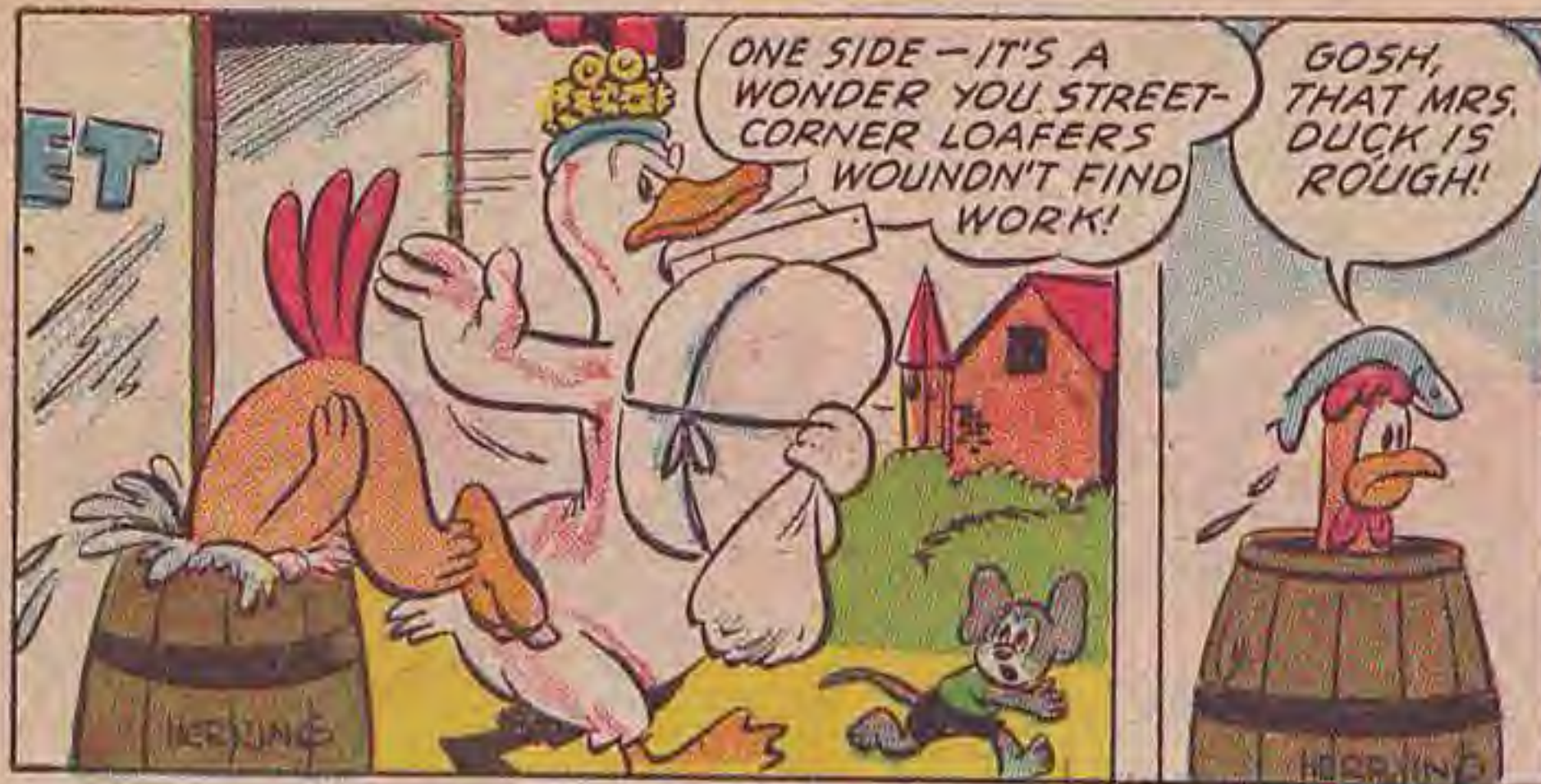
YOW! YOU'D
BETTER GET
SOMETHIN' FOR
A SORE THROAT,
TOO.



A GALLON OF PRETZELS?
WELL, THAT'S A NEW
TWIST—HO-HO-HO-HO!

GIMME THAT
ROPE—YOUR
WIFE'S NOT
SO DUMB,
AT THAT.

HEY, LOOK
OUT, HECTOR!



ONE SIDE - IT'S A WONDER YOU STREET-CORNER LOAFERS WOULDN'T FIND WORK!

GOSH, THAT MRS. DUCK IS ROUGH!



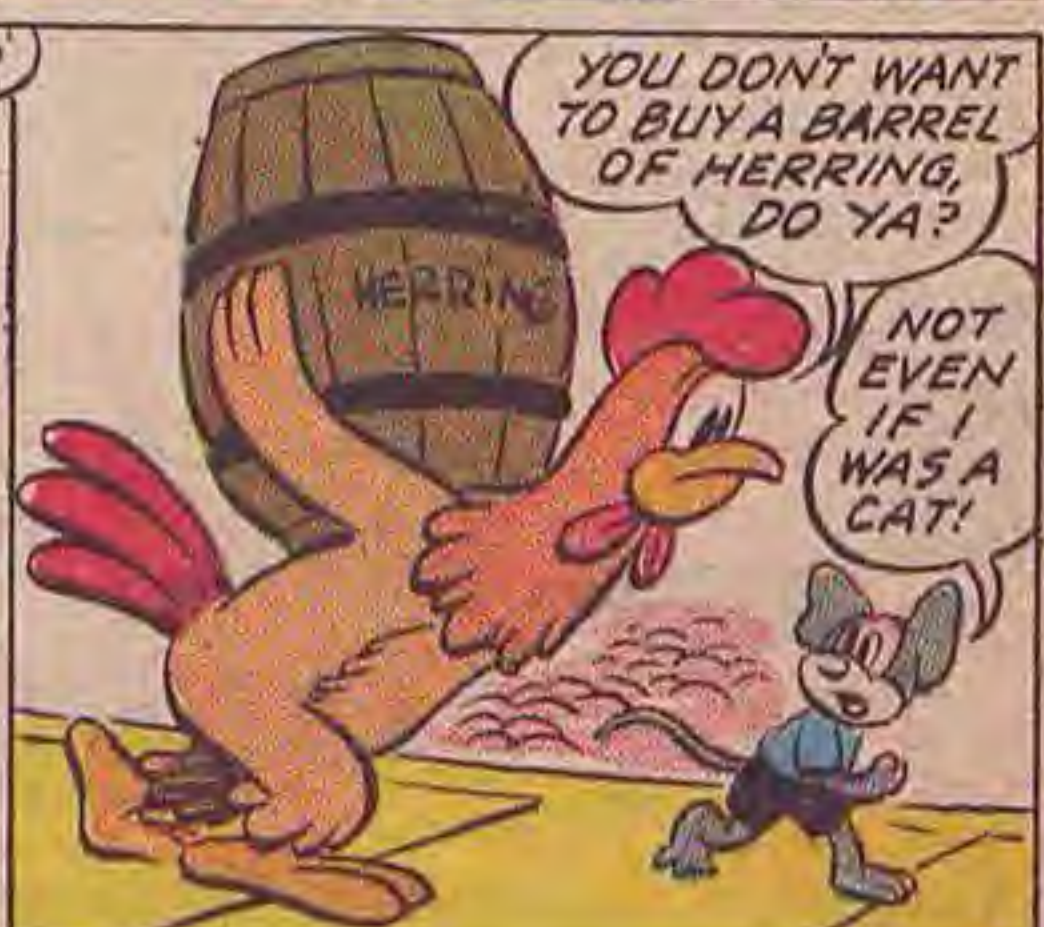
SEE HERE, HECTOR - YOU'LL HAVE TO BUY THAT BARREL OF HERRING! IT'LL COST YOU \$2.97.



GOLLY, MR. HACKLES, I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING IN MY POCKETS BUT FISH!



WELL, I'LL PUT IT ON YOUR BILL... NOW YOU GET IT OUT OF HERE, HEC!



YOU DON'T WANT TO BUY A BARREL OF HERRING, DO YA?

NOT EVEN IF I WAS A CAT!



PHOOIE - I'M TIRED OF CARRYIN' THIS THING... I'M GOING TO SET IT DOWN FOR A MINUTE.

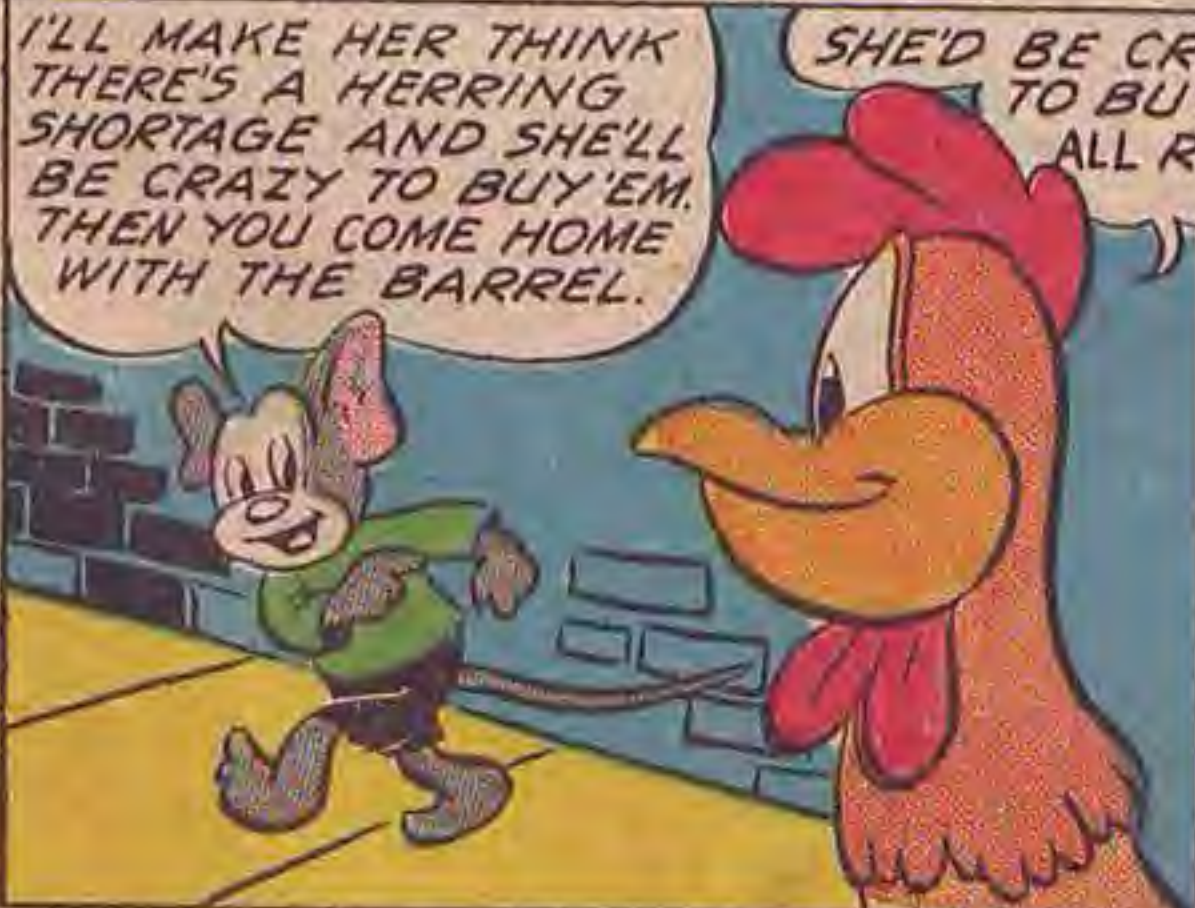


IF I BRING HOME THIS PARCEL OF SMELTS I'LL BE UP BLITZ-CREEK WITHOUT A PADDLE.

SAY, HECTOR...



I'LL RUN AROUND TO YOUR HOUSE (IN A DISGUISE, OF COURSE) AND SELL BERTHA ON THE IDEA OF BUYING HERRINGS.



I'LL MAKE HER THINK THERE'S A HERRING SHORTAGE AND SHE'LL BE CRAZY TO BUY 'EM. THEN YOU COME HOME WITH THE BARREL.

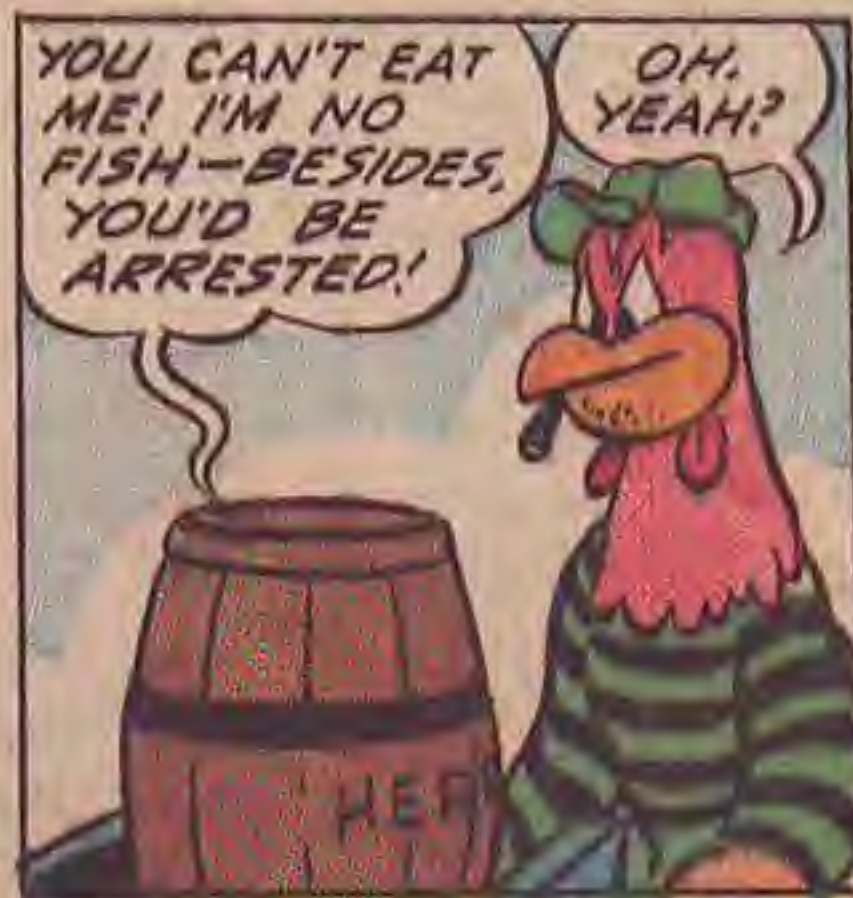
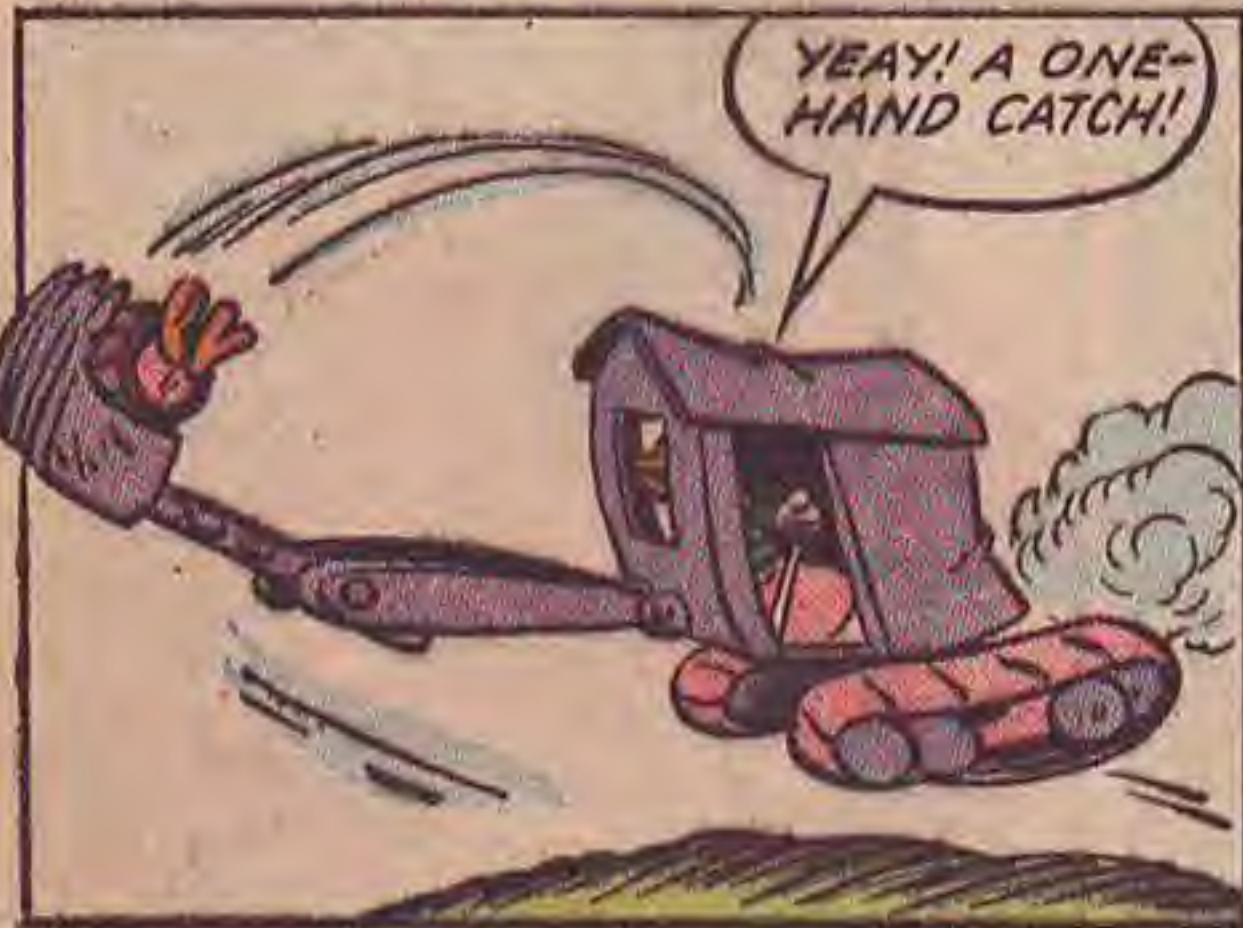
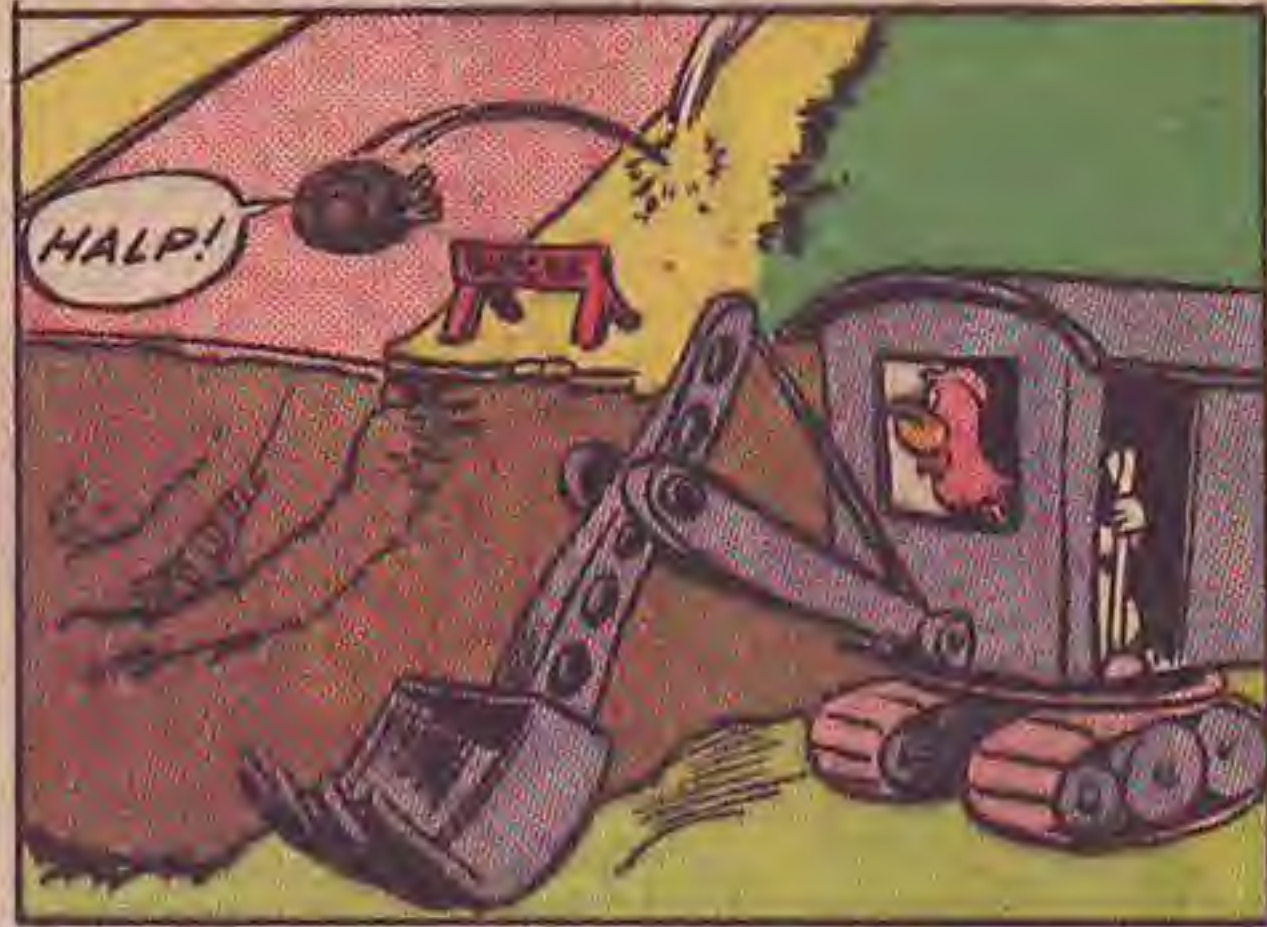
SHE'D BE CRAZY TO BUY 'EM. ALL RIGHT.

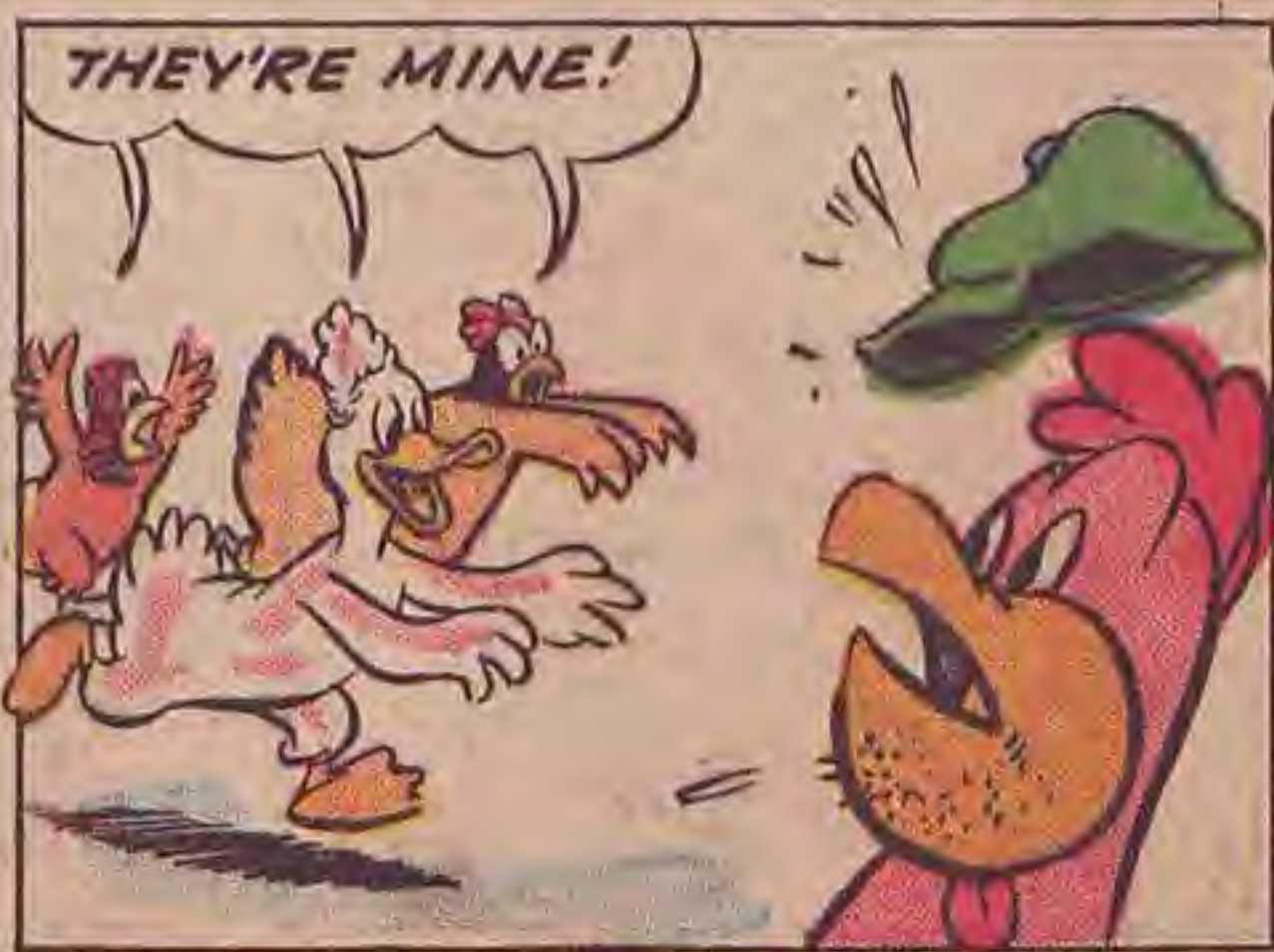
HAW-HAW!

IMAGINE BERTHA BUYING A BARREL OF HERRING!

HALP!









I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE DOLLARS FOR THE BARREL!

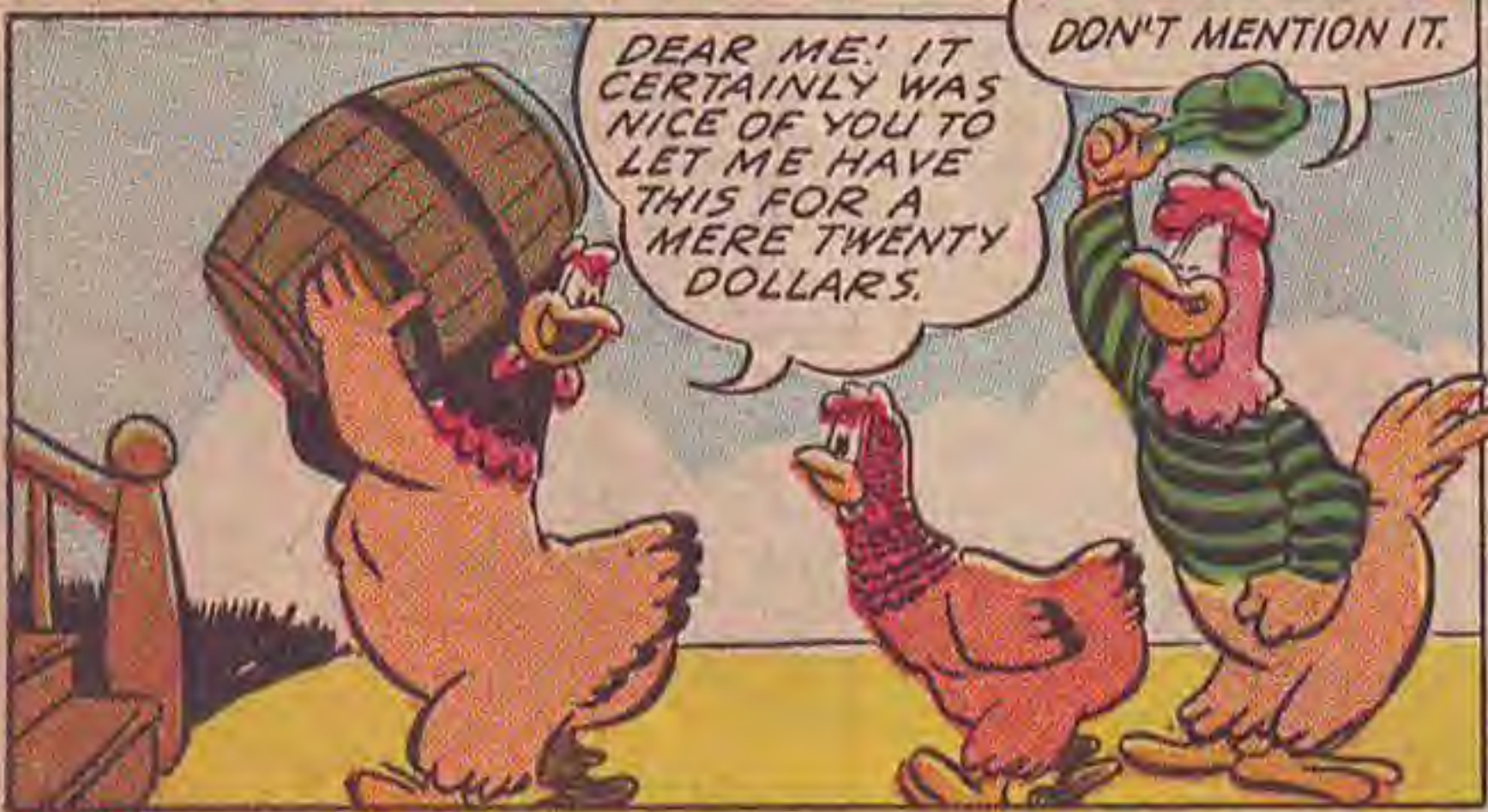
I'LL GIVE FIFTEEN!

I'LL GIVE TWENTY!

WELL, WELL! LADIES, DIS IS EXTREMELY GRATIFYIN'!



EENIE, MEENIE, MINIE, MO - WIDDOUT FEAR OR FAVOR, I CHOOSE DE DAME WIT' DE TWENTY BUCKS.



DEAR ME! IT CERTAINLY WAS NICE OF YOU TO LET ME HAVE THIS FOR A MERE TWENTY DOLLARS.

DON'T MENTION IT.



OH BOY! IF YOU PAID TWENTY BUCKS YOU SURE GOT STUCK! MR. HACKLES AT THE GROCERY ONLY CHARGES \$2.96!

YEOWP!



THE BARREL OF HERRING IS TALKING!



IT WAS ONLY ME TALKING, AND NOW I'M OUT OF HERRING SO YOU WON'T HEAR ME.



WHAT!? DO YOU MEAN I PAID TWENTY DOLLARS FOR YOU AND THREE DOLLARS WORTH OF FISH?



BOY! I'M GLAD I DIDN'T BUY SWORD FISH - SHE'D BE MEAN WITH A HARPOON!



WAIT, HONEY! ONE QUESTION, PLEASE. WHAT?



DID YOU SEND ME TO THE STORE FOR A DOZEN SUGAR OR A QUART OF DOUGHNUTS?



(Continued from inside front cover)

Ahead of him lay a fallen tree. It had broken off its stump in a recent wind, and the dead, hollow trunk was just big enough for a little bear to squeeze inside.

Teddy squeezed till he could go no farther. Mrs. Woodpecker could not reach him inside the log. After a while her scolding faded away. Teddy Bruin started to back out. A sweet, delicious smell had reached his nostrils . . .

All of a sudden he found he was stuck. He could not go forward or back.

"He-e-elp!" he wailed, in real fright.

There was no answer, except a far-away buzzing. Teddy cried and screamed until he was hoarse. Just as he was giving up all hope of being found, he heard a wonderful sound. Strong, sharp claws were ripping at the wall of his prison. With a last loud crack the hollow log fell apart.

"So THAT'S why you didn't answer me!" laughed Mother Bruin, paying no attention to the angry bees that tried to sting through her thick fur. "You found a bee-tree and thought you'd have it all to yourself. Ho, ho, ho! Come and taste this honey. I guess you've been punished enough, Teddy Bruin."

This time Teddy needed no second call. And the honey tasted so awfully good that he quite forgot to explain how he had found it.



elephunnies

